

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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Before PROGRESS appears again before its numerous readers, 1896 shall have given place to 1897, and another year with its lights and shadows will be numbered with the things of the past. To its patrons in all parts of the globe PROGRESS extends the compliments of the season, and best wishes for a happy, prosperous New Year.

CHURCH ENTERTAINMENTS.

In this age of competition and rivalry there are hundreds, it might be said, of sects, all struggling for existence and resorting to all sorts of schemes, all sorts of shows and all sorts of devices to pay expenses and to draw people to their services. And these schemes, shows and devices are sinking to a lower level every year. From the fishpond, of the church social to the sensational sermon they have descended to such shocking and degrading scenes as are described by R. V. WM. BAYARD HALE in the December Forum. He says: "A review of the entertainments of the past year affords evidence that with dangerous rapidity church entertainments are taking the nature of improper exhibitions. Ordinary but foxy no longer draws. The more tempting attractions of the forbidden, the more spicy morsels of the variety theatre, are demanded and being supplied. Here I would not be misunderstood. Healthy amusement, honest fun, is for human enjoyment. God has filled the world with good things, and we ought to use them. Good natured nonsense is refreshing. Beautiful faces and graceful dances are joys in which we are wise to take pleasure. That there is a frank, though restrained, life of the senses possible, as an attendant upon the highest spirituality, I believe to be the teaching of the sacraments ordained by Christ. Overqueamishness is not a necessary characteristic of earnest morality. Let us be human; let us be hearty; let us be, as we were made, men and women; but, in Heaven's name, let us insist that when people appear in or for the benefit of churches they shall keep on their proper clothes! The theatre and the music hall, properly conducted, are not establishments upon which the church has any war to wage. But the church is not a system of theatres and music halls. It is a divine institution, with a definite, particular and sacred office, distinct from that of all human agencies whatsoever. It is to teach the sacredness of life by standing for the essentially sacred side of life."

Mr. HALE then proceeds to enumerate several "tempting attractions of the forbidden" which have been employed to replenish church tills during the year now closing. He cites two in particular as having "scaled the Alpine heights of deathless shame." Both were known as "Fribly socials" and were conducted as follows: The young ladies of the church displayed their feet behind a curtain to a height described as "antantalizing." Men in front of the curtain view what is displayed of one female after another and then bid for the privilege of taking her to supper. The writer also describes New women socials and mock marriages that were resorted to in some churches; but perhaps the most ridiculous, not to use a harsher word, of all was a form of entertainment given in Michigan and which was known as the "Berber's Sunday Evening." Mr. HALE describes it in the following manner: "Scissors, hair dye, cups, soaps, brushes and comb, mirrors and washes, tastefully arranged on the walls and platform, with festoons of towels and rosettes of brilliantine, and bay rum bottles, gave a homelike appearance to the church; sitting in a barber's chair, the pastor gathered inspiration for his lecture, and then, rising, he pressed home in the choicest terms of the tonsorial profession the lesson of the 'razor and the strip.' What a horrible travesty of religion and what a prostitution of religious worship! And yet such is the decline in reverence for things sacred that perhaps those taking part in the performance regarded it as the exhibition of a cheerful and entertaining piety. And doubtless it collected a congregation, and added to the coffers of church. But it religion pure and undefiled

is to be preserved such exhibitions as the foregoing must be frowned down.

Fortunately, occurrences of the kind mentioned are almost wholly unknown in Canada. Even the old time 'kissing games' have become extinct, except perhaps in rural parishes. There is much that savors of the sensational, however, and various methods are employed to attract a large congregation. A new minister in the pulpit; a special sermon by the clergyman, a new anthem by the choir, or a strange singer taking part in the services, are all advertised just as faithfully almost as are the special attractions in a dramatic performance, the only difference being that the dramatic advertising is usually paid for, while the church usually wants it for nothing.

These, however, are only mild forms of sensationalism just as the fish pond, the old time grab bag, and guessing the name of a doll, or the number of seeds in an apple or an orange, are mild forms of gambling; both are games of chance, and if betting on the result of a race or a game is wrong, then the others must be wrong also. The difference in the amounts staked, or wagered do not affect the moral aspect of the affair. It would seem far better to close church doors and thereby preserve some sense of reverence and decorum in a community than to keep them open by means that bring discredit upon the very name of religion.

The reformation of the government of Crete does not make very rapid progress. On the demand of the Powers the Sultan made the usual promises of amendment and several months ago sent one of his creatures as special Envoy to Crete, to supervise the introduction of the stipulated reforms. The Envoy was evidently well aware of what was expected of him by the Porte and he religiously obstructed, and thwarted all effort on the part of the foreign Consuls to organize a Cretan gendarmerie under European officers, to establish the projected Cretan high court and to introduce the other economic and political reforms which would have given Crete a practically autonomous government. The Powers however a few days ago demanded from the Sultan the recall within forty eight hours of the obstreperous Envoy. "The Great Assassin" however does not lack servants quite as capable of instruction as the one referred to; and if the Powers wish to see Cretan autonomy established within the next forty eight years they will have to insist upon the accomplishment without the supervision of a Turkish Envoy.

There is a singular parallel between the situation in the Philippine Islands and that in Cuba. With the exception of the seaport towns the whole of Luzon, the most important island of the Philippine group, is in the hands of the rebels, and the suburbs of Manila, like those of Havana, are frequently raided by the insurgents. The parallel becomes more complete in view of the interest taken by Japan in the fate of the islands and the possibility of Japanese intervention. A recent marine encounter between the Spanish and the Japanese may have signalized the beginning of serious complications.

Hot Air Baths.

At this season of the year when the majority of bath rooms are not warm enough to be comfortable, or safe to use, many people do not bathe as often as they would like to, hence so many are subject to colds and rheumatism. This may account for the popularity of the Hot Air and Vapor Bath Cabinet, which gives a luxurious cleansing bath without the use of water, save a pint or so which is used for vaporizing. One great advantage of the Cabinet bath is, that it can be taken, in any room, without the carrying and slopping of water. As a remedial agent the hot air baths stand preeminent, and possess an immense range of applicability. Their proper use forms the basis of the successful treatment of many phases of disease, which bears the testimony of the highest medical authority. Rheumatism in all its forms is a speciality, for the successful treatment of which these baths have acquired an extensive reputation. Mr. Tree has been spoken of by more than one of our local physicians, as a public benefactor for introducing these baths to the public, and he is so well satisfied with his new business that he has secured more territory and will appoint sub-agents in Ontario and Quebec at once. As a household gilt the Quaker Bath Cabinet would be acceptable, highly appreciated by all and a real blessing to any rheumatic person. The address is 13 Wellington Row.

A Good Fellow Gone W. S.

The departure of any popular young man is felt even in such a community as this and St. John cannot afford to lose bright, active, energetic young men such as T. E. G. Armstrong who was enthusiastic in whatever organization he entered into; no matter whether it was a fishing club or an artillery corps. In the wisdom of his superior office (in a business sense) he has been promoted and has gone to Bramford, Ontario, where when the people get acquainted with him he will be as popular as in his native place.

They Looked Like New.

Was the remark of a person that tried our laundry for the first last week, that neck band you put on was fine, I've got a new shirt now. The work was white only at Ungars Laundry and Dye Works.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

"'Cause He Doesn't Care To."
Yes, they all are coming home,
And they say it's "jolly,"
Every one is married now,
Even little Polly.
And I keep on saying "ali,"
For I just can't bear to
Think of one who doesn't come
He doesn't care to.
He has never told me so;
Reasons? Yes, a plenty!
But one reason has more weight,
To my mind, than twenty,
And I somehow feel as if
I should like it better
If his reasons did not lie
Quite so long a letter.
All the others come, and bring
Tings for me and father;
Little tings—because they know
We would so much rather
But he sends a hamper up—
Flowers and fruits and under,
Things that must have cost so much
That they make us wonder.
There's the turkey in the coop;
He can hardly cobble,
He's so fat—and those two ducks,
And he can't walk, they hobble;
And the nice meat turned out well;
Pies will need a plenty,
And I'm putting food and big,
For we'll sit down twenty.
How to use to brace about
When he saw me baking?
Seems to me I see him now,
Everything I'm making.
Brings him right before my eyes;
I wouldn't dare to
Say to father, "He don't come
'Cause he doesn't care to."
Father doesn't seem to think
As I feel about him;
"Johnny always told the truth:
Why should we mistub him?"
But he's saying in his heart—
I'm sure I see it there too—
"Johnny isn't coming home,
'Cause he doesn't care to."
Sunny boy,—your world is full,
But he's not at all;
He's in her heart of hearts
Like your poor old mother.
Come—before that day comes, when
You will be you can bear to
Think of how 'ou didn't come
'Cause you didn't care to.
—Margaret Vandegrif.

An "Onlucky" Cuss.

I'm just about the onlucky cuss,
I reckon that you kin find;
I see you a-gittin' on your feet,
An' all us git left behind.
Whenever there's anything good on hand
I see you a-gittin' on your feet,
An' I catch on to gather it up,
It slowly sues away.
If I go out with a picnic crowd,
I'm elected to carry the grub,
I'm chosen to be the one to eat,
An' the party girls give me a nub.
The ants wander up my trouser legs
An' I'm sure I see it there too.
I ain't eat everything I see,
An' then I am sick the next night.
If a band is playin' up the street,
An' there's a marchin' to be seen,
The police will be the music case
Just as they git to me.
The fish won't bite when I'm around,
The crowd will be the one to see.
An' the babies' quail when I look at them,
An' nothin' I'll git to see.
Well, maybe it ain't all so; but then,
A good lot of it is true;
Some times I get a translation mad,
An' again, it'll make me blue.
I never kin tell what'll turn up next,
But I'm sure I see it there too.
An' nothin' they fetch'll worry me,
For I been to it all before.
I seem to be kinder pointed out
By the boys a-gittin' on their feet;
I'm alurs the appointed time,
Er else I have to wait.
I suppose some of 'em will come to die,
But I'm sure I see it there too.
For somebod' happen to keep me here
Up till the judges' day.
I'll wander around with the other lads,
An' I'll be a-gittin' on my feet;
For they'll be afraid that I'll mix things up
When I'm a-gittin' on my feet.
On the whole, I'm a-gittin' on my feet,
An' I'm sure I see it there too.
You might just as well let things slide along
An' wear a paper to make you see.
—Al Dabney in the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Books You Used to Read.

What were the books that you used to read?
Which were the first you knew?
Whose was the page in the wondrous seed,
The seed of the will to do.
Who wrote the words that in printer's ink
Sifted from the press to make you think?
Have you the books that you used to thumb?
Wonderful storehouses then,
Filled with such treasures as never will come
Back to your eyes and your mind.
For the eyes which the dear old volume knew
Were as fresh as a flower that is spent with dew.
Tell me the books that you used to know
Back in the dear old home,
Sheltered by trees that were standing low
And by the vines that climb.
Making, perhaps a secluded nook
Just for your eyes and your mind.
What if their lines be soiled today?
What if their covers be torn?
Friends are still friends if the hair be gray
Or if the clothes be worn.
And they are still friends if the truth and true-
These, the friends that in youth you knew.
Do you not know what they told you then.
Even the page and line?
Dear old book, you but were in a row,
As when you were a child of nine?
And in your eye saw the words not go
Just as they did in the long ago.
Dear were the friends when such were few.
Dear were the eyes that looked on them.
Tones that are sweetly and true and new
Laugh at the long ago.
And when you read the lines never come
As did the books that you used to thumb.
—Olmsted C. Hooper, in the bookman.

December.

They locks are white, December,
And stream upon the wind,
But still thou're bosom merry,
Though youth is long behind.
Ho! ho! thy huge voice calling,
Bids care and sorrow flee,
And on the snows of winter,
The schoolboy's answering glee.
Thy time's near spent, December;
The holy berries red
Enshined in glossy greenness
Glow thy hoary head.
White ho! he! still is sounding,
Thy laughing lips and cheer,
Altho' the mouldering members,
Of the fast-declining year.
Thy face is red, December,
With many a well-won light—
But still thy cheeks are bright.
Ho! ho! thy voice is ringing,
Melodious with cheer,
As on thy way thou goest,
In the waiving of the year.
Oh! so may I, December,
Bear on my rugged way,
With no other's aid or cheer,
With a heart both brave and gay,
When snows of age are blowing
May some such grace be mine—
Go I will and gladness strow
Along life's border line.
—Lia Idling-Gale.

Water Fancies.

I'm longing for the snowflakes an' the jingling o' the bell.
An' the memory of childhood that in this old heart
When I read about the fairies with nary doubtin'
An' never dreamed o' questionin' the truth o' Santa Claus.
Then the plin' o' the snowdrifts an' the creakin' o' the sleigh.
How it takes me back to boyhood an' the careless happy days.
When I'd rather ketch a bobble when it went skimming by
Than ride in a royal splendor with old age drawin' nigh.
Oh! the glimmer o' the wintry stars an' shimmer o' the snow!
How youthful days come troopin' up from out the long ago.
An' the memories o' straw rides, with Sally by my side.
When I was comin' 21—an' see a comin' bride.
—New York World.

MUSIC AT MOUNT ALLISON.

Many of the Young Ladies Score a Decided Musical Success.

SACKVILLE Dec. 22.—The close of the first term at Mount Allison Conservatory was marked on Friday evening last by a Pupils' Recital of more than usual merit, in which all the departments made an excellent showing.

The most noteworthy feature of the evening was the rendering of Chopin's Fantaisie in F minor for piano, by Miss Laura Newman of Moncton. This piece occupied a distinctly higher level than the rest of the program, and shone out like a diamond set in the midst of pearls. Her technicality, as far as it goes, is solid; her touch is absolutely sure; she has a nice sense of tonal values, and her crescendos and decrescendos were a delight; and she displayed a conscious mastery in treatment, rarely found in so young a player.

Moncton had two other representatives, both violin students, Miss Jean Bruce and Miss Pollie Benedict. The latter is a daughter of the American Consul (who was present in the audience), and comes honestly by her musical talent from both sides of the house.

Miss Bruce played Bach's famous air for the G string in such a way as could only be done by one of real musical temperament. See excels in this kind of music, but one might venture to suggest to her teacher that at her public appearances these delightful and soulful strains should occasionally give place to something of a livelier nature, where her natural vivacity might sparkle rather than glow.

The only other violin soloist was Miss Dorothy Webb, who played a sentimental serenade by Moszkowski, and Paderewski's popular, minuet Miss Webb shows a steady improvement in volume and sweetness of tone, as well as in mastery of technical details. Her second number might rather have been called a duet for piano and violin its success being largely due to her sister, Miss Florence Webb who on this occasion as on many others has proved herself a very efficient pianist and accompanist. The violin ensemble class opened the recital with three pieces in the varying styles of Handel, Schubert and Bach.

Other piano numbers that might be singled out were Reinecke's ballads by Miss Grace Sherwood of Sussex, and for remarkable technical display, two Liszt arrangements. The Kigolette Fantaisie by Miss Edith Archibald, and the March from Tannhauser by Mr. Archie Crossman. The propriety of giving such pieces as these to young students is open to question. Liszt wrote them to display his virtuosity, and however valuable they may be as studies, it seems as if the same end could be more readily attained by the giving of regular edutes, and more time be left for the study of pieces with a larger percentage of true musical worth. Mr. Crossman failed in the sine qua non of good march playing, a strongly marked rhythmic swing, but deserves great praise for his dazzling octave work.

The vocal department had six names on the program. Of these special mention should be made of Miss Jennie Hamilton of Pictou and Miss Nan Thompson of Fredericton. Miss Hamilton is the possessor of a beautiful voice, and gave evidence of good training by her execution of "The Swallow" by Dell Aqua. Miss Thompson's conspicuous faults is toni-production are fast disappearing and a really fine voice is displating itself.

The evening's entertainment with a capitally rendered one-act play by the pupils of the elocution department. Miss Hamilton won new laurels by her clever impersonation of Aunt Susan Jones, an old lady from the country. Miss Lizze Ogden was the good girl, Miss Emily Willis the bad girl, Miss Alice Harrison the bad girl's bad mother, and Miss Lulu Ford the bad girl's bad young man. Virtue triumphed gloriously, and once more the moral power of the drama was vindicated. Perhaps Crossley and Hunter who begins their love message to the people of Sackville on the 24th of February next, will make a note of this, and will moderate their customary denunciations of the stage. CELESTE.

German Street Baptist Church.

Owing to the pastor preaching the dedicating sermon in new Main St. Baptist church, there will be no preaching service in the morning, but in the evening the pastor will occupy the pulpit again preaching a sermon bearing on the Birth of Christ; and that the choir in addition to the regular hymns will render special Xmas music, v. z., Glory to God most High, by A. F. Loud, And there were Shepherds, in G. by Harrison Millard, O Holy Night, by Adams, solo by Mr. Titus, While the Stars are Gleaming Bright, by A. W. Newcomb.

Large Block of Granite.

Recently a block of granite weighing 1217 tons was used as the pedestal of the equestrian Statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, having been transported four miles by land over a railway and thirteen miles in a caisson by water. The railway consisted of two lines of timber furnished with hard metal grooves, between which grooves were placed spheres of hard brass about six inches in diameter. On these spheres the frame with its load was easily moved by sixty men, working at the capstans with treble-purchase blocks. Another large block, measuring 35x16x14 feet, was a few months since taken out at the Craigneth quarry, near Dalbeattie, Scotland. Its weight was estimated at 650 tons.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



GODCHILD OF AN EMPRESS.

The Pathetic Story of Little Drouschka Pickens.

The Lone Star State gave to the country some of the most famous as well as most beautiful women of ante-bellum days. Among the number was Louise Holcomb, whose name is associated with all that is most beautiful and charming in southern womanhood, and which gleams brightly through a halo of sweet, pathetic romance.

In 1856 she became the wife of the historic Col. Pickens, then representing South Carolina in congress, and who, in March, 1857, was appointed by President Buchanan as minister to the court of St. Petersburg, where he and his lovely young wife soon became universal favorites with the great czar and the empress. In 1858 their first and only child was born in the czar's own palace of Romancff, which his majesty had graciously placed at their disposal.

The empress, who was devotedly attached to the young mother, claimed the right to act as godmother, and conferred upon her protegee the unique name Drouschka, signifying in Russian, "Little Darling."

On the accession of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency Col. Pickens was elected governor of South Carolina. He immediately resigned his diplomatic position, and returned to the United States. His departure cast a gloom over the gay Russian court, and the little fairy godchild of an empress was laden with costly presents by the diplomats, nobility and members of the imperial circle. Among these present was a miniature of the old czar, framed in gold, which he himself hung around the child's neck. The czar never forgot his little protegee, and to the day of his tragic death, each recurring anniversary of her birth, brought from over the sea some costly souvenir of his regard.

Col. Pickens was inaugurated governor of South Carolina, and Mr. Lincoln president of the United States. Then followed the secession of the southern states, the formation of the provisional government of the confederate states at Montgomery, Ala, the levying of armies and dread preparations of war. In the course of events it was deemed necessary to reduce Fort Sumner in Charleston harbor, while Gen. Beauregard was in full command at Charleston. He wired Gov. Pickens at Columbia, the capital, inviting him to visit the historic city that he might witness the inception of hostilities. The wife and baby daughter accompanied the governor, who after the inspection of the batteries and gunboats with the commandant, were assured that all formalities had been completed with and all was in readiness. Gen. Beauregard took the lovely tot in his arms, and placing a lighted match between the baby fingers, instructed her where to touch the fuse—and it was little Drouschka the god child of an empress, who fired the first shot that signaled the civil war and deluged a nation in blood.

Another most remarkable tragedy occurred in which Little Drouschka as an innocent participator, and which filled the entire south with horror. At the marriage ceremony of her half-sister, a daughter of her father by a former marriage, the child stood beside the bride, her little hands filled with flowers to be presented when the mystical words should pronounce the nuptial benediction. Before the minister stood the bride and her fiance. A cruel shot fired from a federal man-of-war, then bombarding the doomed city, came crashing through the consecrated walls, striking the white-robed bride full in the chest and scattering her warm life blood over the horrified husband, whose hand lovingly held hers, and the father and little sister were standing near. The incident is one of the saddest of all the dark, sad scenes of those four years of devastation and horror.

Gov. Pickens died just about the close of the war, and Little Drouschka as she grew to queenly womanhood was adopted as the "Child of South Carolina," and was as well known throughout the south as her illustrious father. She married a Dr. Dugas, of Augusta, Ga., but died at Edgewood, the ancestral home of her father, and was there buried in the family burial ground.

Perhaps no woman of the south was ever so universally loved. Born amid all the splendor of the Russian court, the child inherited from both her brilliant father and her beautiful mother those qualities of heart and mind that won her the love of all with whom she came in contact. The burial services of this remarkable child are perhaps without a parallel in southern history. The pallbearers were selected from among the former slaves of her father, some of whom had borne him to his last resting place a score of years before. The impressive scene was emphasized when Miss Pickens, the courtly, beautiful mother stepped to the head of the white velvet casket, and facing the faithful servants, thanked them for the loyalty that had kept them at her side throughout the dreadful scenes enacted during and after the close of the war, adding that she wished them to con-

tinue their devotion and protection to their desolate mistress and to the little ones whose mother they all then mourned.

The tombstone in the old family burying ground bears the one word, the pet name of an empress—Drouschka.—Kate Thyron Marr.

THE SOUTHERN GIRL.

An Attempt to Analyze a Woman, Superior to Analysts.

The southern girl is many-sided. She is mettlesome and sentimental, practical and fanciful by turns, apt to dance divinely and to flirt, and to be not over careful nor over industrious, but she never forgets to say her prayers, and she has unshaken faith in lumanking.

In man she believes implicitly. She may not believe all the apturous things he says to her, but she credits him with generous impulses, thinks him capable of all the higher emotions, and values him as a comrade, an admirer, and a repository for romantic confidence. If he tumbles out of the niche where she has put him, she wonders, but is willing to regard the case as an exception and to set him up again, after due scolding and punishment. She has unbounded confidence in his ability for smoothing over rough places for her and removing any obstacles that may rise in her path. Men are always good to women, she thinks, her father is; and so is her brother and her cousin Jim.

The southern girl enjoys with all her heart. She likes music and motion and life and color, and plenty of nice people about her saying pleasant things. She likes all this, but she is a reformed mercenary. Reared usually among simple surroundings, the greed for money has not entered into her soul. It is possible for her to have attained her twentieth year and never have dined or supped outside of a private house in her life. She likes the person who places her independent of his extrinsic surroundings, and at any time will slight the attentions of a "good match" to devote herself to the man whose waltz step suits her and who has power of entertaining.

She is ingenious and tactful, with all her dawdling ways and languid airs. She can turn her last season's ball dress upside down and inside out, and make it look almost as good as new, and she can darn the parlor curtains almost as well as grandmother could, and change the furniture round so that the stabby spots will be in the shade. She can arrange a dish of fruit to resemble a poem, make an evening bonnet out of next to nothing, and, last, but not least, she can rattle off nonsense with an infectious delight that makes her the life of whatever company she is in.

The southern girl or woman born in the murky atmosphere of the late sixties, imperfectly educated, debarred from advantages which her parents craved for her, will give the stranger an impression of culture which perhaps a critical examination would not bear out.

Courageous as she is in an emergency, however, in her effort to accommodate the family needs to the family traditions, the southern girl often is whimsical in her notion of facing facts. A southern woman who has lived long in the north recently went to a young dressmaker in a southern city. An attractive looking girl with dimples and wonderful dark eyes came forward to greet her.

"Yes, I do sewing," she said, "but I want to see you right about something. I was at the window just now and heard you ask it this was where Miss B. the dressmaker, lived. I knew you must be a stranger, because everybody here knows us and would know that I was no ordinary dressmaker."

Of course the visitor offered to withdraw and expressed regret at her apparent intrusion, explaining that she must have misunderstood the direction she had received. "Oh, no; there is no misunderstanding," she was told. "I shall be glad to do your work, and will try to please you, but I can't bear to be mistaken for a dressmaker."

The girl made the gown in question, and made it artistically. The southern girl is a paradox, with her capacity for unselfishness and absurdity with her pride and scorn of petty meanness and her serious strivings after the economical. She will buy flowers for the table even if the larder is empty, and if she gets a windfall in the form of a legacy, she will put half of it in a marble cross for the church and the other half in some jewel for personal adornment, even through new curtains and carpets and whole every-day gowns are a crying need in the household.

The New woman finds little encouragement in the south. She sends out her piping notes to the northern suffrage societies and offers petitions to the state assemblies but the popular voice is against her, and sometimes it comes out that the woman's suffrage associations of the south, so much talked about, have membership only sufficient to furnish the necessary officers.—New York Sun.

She Suspected It.

"Why, Mrs. Parvony, this is unmistakably an old master," said the enthusiastic caller. "That's just what I told John. I'll send it back to have it repainted and a new frame put on."